THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 16, 1807.

OBSERVATIONS *on* HISTORY.

[From a Work entitled "The Society of Friends, or People commonly called Quakers, examined," by John Bristed, of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple.]

IT were much to be wished, that history could be somewhat diverted from her present course into her proper channel, namely, the consideration of the manners and condition of the great mass of the people at different periods of time; marking out the causes which have retarded or accelerated the progressive march of the human intellect towards a higher degree of perfection; and dwelling more slightly upon the atrocities of those who "wade through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind," who "cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war," whose steps are traced in the blood of myriads of their fellow creatures, and whose progress is marked only by the desolation of the fairest provinces of the earth. These horrible transactions, which are a libel on the understanding and the virtue of mankind, should be passed over rapidly, and with expressions of abhorrence; while our chief attention should be directed by the historian to those means by which the knowledge, the happiness, and the virtues of mankind have been augmented and advanced.

But is this the line of conduct which historians pursue? No. They are continually endeavouring to instil into our minds an admiration and envy of the honour and the glory of warlike nations; that is, in other words, the butchery and murder of mighty empires. Read the histories of Greece, of Rome, of France, of England, and you will read little else but one continued series of bloodshed and of murder. And these are celebrated by their historians as splendid, brilliant, powerful na-

tions; but where does the phrase happy nation occur in the records of these sages of literature? Happiness dwelleth only in the tents of peace and of virtue: she is frightened from those spots where the sounding of the clarion to battle, and the trampling of armed hoofs is heard, where the blood-red banner of military desolation is seen to float upon the wings of the wind.

Where are the historians who have been influenced by this hallowed and sacred truth? Have not all been chiefly intent on describing battles, and victories, and armies, and triumphs; rather seeking to affix the names of great and glorious, than of just and good, to kingdoms and to empires? Have they not bequeathed to posterity a mass of gorgeous misery, and industriously varnished over the evils and the horrors of sanguinary and tumultuous revolutions? Have they not hidden the deformity of vice from your eyes, by throwing over it the splendid veil of genius?

THE RING,

A Moral Tale.

By the Authoress of the Occasional Essays.

(Continued from Page 104.)

THIS, then deemed, happy event, opened a fresh source of felicity to the enraptured Truman. The father, as well as husband, claimed a partnership of his heart, and ruled with irresistible sway; but the still weak frame of Mrs. Truman, though apparently, approaching fast to a convalescent state, denied what would have been her greatest pleasure, the transport of fostering the infant on her own bosom, and the beautiful little cherub was consigned to the care of a mulatto nurse, whom they could depend on.

The affairs of the house had been all amicably settled, though sometime perplexed by a forgery, discovered in so extraordinary a way, that the writer is tempted to relate it. A private bond, after the death of Mr. Meanwell, was presented, with that gentleman's signature, for 700l. As he was a man in most affluent circumstances, just in his dealings, and correct in his accounts, notwithstanding the signature appeared very like the hand-writing of the deceased, yet there being neither entry or memorandum found of the transaction, the bond was reprobated, and payment positively refused. The Jew that held the bond, sued the estate, and the business was brought into court. The witnesses to the bond were also dead, but different hand-

writings

writings were positively sworn to by Jews, ready to answer any questions that should be put, and the signature proved to be that of Mr. Meanwell. As the bond had been handed about for inspection, by the different lights, something caught the eye of a gentleman just arrived from England, and whom curiosity alone had led to the court. He called out, and begged to have a sight of the bond; saying, if his eye did not deceive him, that bond was a forgery. The whole court was astonished, and became highly interested in the cause. The gentleman came forward, examined the bond, and held it in several points of view to the light; when satisfied, declared he could prove it an absolute *forgery*. I must here observe the stamp act does not extend to Jamaica, I believe not even now; but at that time deeds of all kinds were written on common paper, which the gentleman had observed, and thus assigned his reasons for interrupting the process. That he was a paper maker, and that every paper maker had a private mark of their own that he could swear to. The sheet of paper, on which the bond was written, was made at his manufactory; that he had not been much above a twelvemonth in business, and that the bond bore date above two years, before the paper it was written on could have been made. This turned the scale; the culprits were seized; but the lenity of the parties, in consideration of the Jew's large family of children, connived at his being got off the island, and the prosecution ended.

Soon after the birth of this daughter, a very fine sugar work was advertised for sale; and as it lay not many miles distant from Kingston, Truman thought, his lady being a good horse woman, occasional change of air, and exercise (not being a carriage road), would contribute to a final restoration of health, and, with her entire approbation, closed with the proposal.

All matters being agreeably settled, a day of jubilee was appointed to celebrate possession, or, in the vulgar phrase, a house warming. Every delicacy to be procured was selected, and a most superb entertainment was prepared. All the first people of Kingston and Spanish town, together with those on the neighbouring estates, were invited, and the assemblage of company was splendid and numerous. To Truman's other accomplishments, he had acquired some knowledge of music, had an excellent voice, and sung with great taste. He knew he should be called on for an exertion of his musical powers, and wrote the following convivial song for the occasion.

The Juice of the Cane.

To banish all grief, and to shake off dull care,
From insipid reflections refrain;

Should troubles or quarrels with joy interfere,
Wash them off with the juice of the cane.

What makes us in war with such vigour to fight,
And so many proud victories gain?
'Tis true native courage the foe puts to flight,
Our brave hearts warm'd with juice of the cane.

But garlic, and soup, of their food being chief,
Such living as Britons disdain;
For we think it better to feast on roast beef,
Wash'd down with the juice of the cane.

Had Madrid and Paris been joined in one,
Or were even too, all France and Spain;
Like Martinique, ta'en, stock'd with sugar and rum,
The juice our bold tars would obtain.

Then success to our commerce, our arms, and the still,
No foul play our freedom restrain;
May plantations increase, our pockets to fill,
To drink deep of the juice of the cane.

Rich, loyal, and happy, we're brave and sincere;
The glad heart in our bosoms rebound;
To welcome the *stranger*, and give him a cheer!
Hospitality beaming around.

But when Bacchus invites, the old regular plan,
We will never give up in a pout,
The long corks shall pop, to six bottles a man,
And we'll push *Mother Allan** about.

Fill up to the KING, to Britannia, our boast,
To her WARRIORS by land and on main,
To the land that we live in!—Bumpers each toast,
And to planters, rich crops of the cane!

We will not suppose but Mother Allan had justice done her on this celebrated day, for the entertainment was given on the 4th

* At all convivial meetings in Jamaica, claret is the only wine introduced after dinner, and claret of superior quality, called *Mother Allan's*. When a dinner is ordered for a select company at a tavern, it is understood, that the landlord is to put claret in cool to the amount of *six* bottles a man, which is paid for, whether drank or not; but the sons of Bacchus are, in general, so fond of smacking the flavour from her ruby lips, that they would rather be left dead on the floor, than leave a drop of the exhilarating juice behind them. Claret is 15s. per bottle.

4th of June; but the "old regular plan" of six bottles a man, could not, with propriety, be adhered to; as a gentleman laid by the *heels* under a table, might disappoint the lady who laid claim to his *hand*, as a partner in the dance, in the evening; respect for their fair partners, then, kept them within the bounds of moderation; all hearts beat in unison, and the gala was, socially, crowned with rational mirth, joy, and festivity. Mrs. Truman opened the ball, the governor soliciting her hand, and the minuet finished with general applause. After which Mrs. Truman joined in the country dances, much to the dissatisfaction of her husband.

It is truly astonishing, that in so hot a climate, the women, I mean the natives, can go through the fatigue, and very rarely any ill consequences ensue; but a creole is never tired with dancing, and Mrs. Truman, like the rest of her countrywomen, was immoderately fond of the exercise; all remonstrance from her husband, in representing her still precarious state of health, proved of no avail; she was really obstinate, and even pettish with him, and would persist in her favourite amusement, 'till the yawns of the gentlemen, and the rays of the morning sun, compelled all to retire. The next day, the unhappy husband felt greatly alarmed; he found his wife extremely ill, adding to fatigue, the effects caught from taking cold, and she was seized with an inflammatory sore throat, very dangerous, and rapid in its progress in that climate. The best medical aid was called in, but neither skill, nor attention, could check the hasty advances of a burning fever, attended, from the first, with putrid symptoms, and in a few days this amiable woman breathed her last in the arms of her almost expiring husband, in the third year of their union.

Truman bore his irreparable loss with the dignified fortitude of a Christian; but he could not expunge from the fond tablets of memory, that such things were, and were most precious, and a wounded heart forcibly acknowledged all the fine, tender feelings of the man. He had lost his friend, his benefactress, the woman who had raised him to affluence, and the first respectability; and in one word, a most amiable, beautiful, and affectionate wife, and his misfortune bore hard upon him. But that heart, tremblingly alive to every soft sensation, found it had still an attachment to life, and its benefits; and an infant daughter, ten months old, claimed now the whole. After two or three days of more than common reflection, he ordered the child to be brought, and left alone with him. After caressing her sometime, kneeling with her in his arms, solemnly pledged himself to Heaven, never to marry, sealing the vow on her innocent lips.

"Sweet cherub! dearest legacy of thy now heavenly mother, to thee I am doubly tied; her cares devolve on me.

Whilst

Whilst I have life, I will protect thee, and thou shalt never want a father's care."

The babe smiled in his face; instinctively laid hold of the button of his coat, to draw him nearer, and to solicit a second embrace; then nursling to his bosom, as trying to creep into the recesses of his heart; as if wishing to say—" On that vow I rely: it is a father has pledged himself, and can never forget his child."

The petitioning smile, infantine pressure, and the strong resemblance she bore to her departed mother, broke down the barriers of that philosophy he hoped he had attained, and the whole man dissolved in tears.

As matters of business have no connection with the story, we shall pass over five years; at which time the playful Maria was a fine, enchanting little girl, the sole joy of an enraptured father: but that father, judged as a parent ought; never allowed improper indulgencies, to the injury of health, or the corruption of morals or manners. His caresses too, were confined to her when alone; never introducing her into company, but when particularly solicited, nor then, but when the invitation became general.

The time was now arrived, when the mind of the little Maria began to expand itself. The blossoms gave assurances of a luxuriant harvest, and it became the parent's care to cultivate, and " *teach the young idea how to shoot.*"

This could not be matured in the island. A trip across the Atlantic the dear infant must undertake, and how to consonant his feelings to part with such a treasure, required almost as much fortitude as he had exemplified in the loss of her mother; but the thing was without remedy, the good of the child demanded the sacrifice, and for the child's benefit, paternal tenderness must yield. One of his own ships being expected among the first arrivals, the captain of which having been particularly honoured with his favour, and in whom he had an implicit confidence, every thing was prepared, and at his return to England, the rich freightage of an overflowing heart, his dear Maria, consigned to his care; the whole cabin engaged purposely for her, and her attendants, consisting of her mulatto nurse, two female negro slaves, together with the faithful *Cudjoe*, (the present, as the reader will remember, of the late Mr. Meanwell, and to whom Truman had given instant freedom) as a guard over all, and what nothing but the circumstance would have induced him to part from. The father conducted his darling on board, the ship had a fine passage, and the honest captain would not part with his charge, 'till he saw all safe at the house of Robert Truman, the noble-minded grocer, where

he safely deposited the family treasure in the arms of her transported grandmother.

(To be continued.)

FASHIONS *for* FEBRUARY.

THE hussar cap still holds its place; the Turkish elastic hat, made of velvet, is very elegant; the elastic roll turban, made of coloured velvet, or white satin, ornamented with diamonds, is very becoming; velvet or coloured satin hats, trimmed with light swansdown, with pelisses to match, are very elegant; and evening dresses, of white satin or velvet, but the former is more beautiful, vandyked with silver or gold; sleeves very short, and finished with a point of silver. The full, or dancing dresses, are made of light silky gauze, and trimmed with silver ribbon round the bottom, the sleeves, and the neck; the same ribbon worn on the head, or a small wreath of flowers. Brown and puce Chambray muslin robes, with very long trains, trimmed round with silver leaves, and silver cords and tassels, are worn. Turkish silks, of various colours, are expected to be worn in the course of the month. For morning dresses, short walking gowns, of cambric muslin, full trimmed with soft muslin; also dresses of corded muslin, vandyked round the bottom; long sleeves, vandyked; high pointed collar round the throat; mantles and hats to match. Scarlet velvet opera tippets, trimmed with swansdown, are much worn; swansdown muffs and tippets also retain their places; white gloves in dress, and yellow in undress, are worn; embroidered or embossed half-handkerchiefs, tied on the head, *en paysanne*, is a simple and pretty half dress for youth and beauty; white satin caps, with swansdown, tied under the chin, look neat for any age.

Observations on the Commencement of the Year 1807, *and on the general Aspect of Public Affairs.*

THE commencement of a new year naturally excites the mind to a retrospection of the past, and anticipations of the future. According to the events which have occurred, or the opinions which have prevailed, the periodical revolutions of time, as they serve admirably to mark and distinguish the course of human affairs, become proportionably interesting.

If reflections of this nature ever were suggested with unusual importance, they ought at this time to be received with peculiar attention. Every thinking person must see and acknowledge the difficulties with which we are encompassed, and the dangers

gers with which we are menaced. Our situation cannot be disguised. Though the circumstances of our country do not authorise the injudicious and unmanly lamentations of despair, they are such as demand the best exertions of patriotic wisdom; they are evidently those which call for information, energy, activity, firmness; for public fortitude and public spirit; for integrity and ability in the government—for loyalty and alacrity in the people.

Amidst the unprecedented transactions which, within the last four years, have been exhibited in rapid succession on the great theatre of the world, the philosopher looks in vain for any clue to direct him through the labyrinth into which he is led by attempting to investigate causes, connect their effects, and predict their probable results. He looks in vain, too, for the increasing perfection of human reason, and the establishment of human tranquillity! Instigated by the same unworthy views, blinded by the same fallacies, and actuated by the same destructive passions, which spread devastation over the fairest portions of the ancient world, and extinguished the science of former ages; the men of this day, unadmonished and unameliorated, either by the calamities of preceding times or the enlightened civilization of the present, are still impelled by the same baneful propensities, still eager in the pursuit of objects wholly incompatible with the repose and prosperity of mankind.

Knowledge, happily diffused and diffusing, forms, even in this state of things, one of the most effectual barriers against the inroads of lawless ambition and universal degeneration. The press, unshackled as it exists in this country, can at once expose, and hold up to reprobation, whatever has a tendency to contaminate the morals, mislead the opinions, or subvert the liberties of nations: it is this engine, that can most naturally and promptly convey interesting facts, and enforce satisfactory conclusions; that can communicate information, rectify misconception, dispel doubt, and animate patriotism.

The year eighteen hundred and six, if it has not materially enriched the discoveries of scientific research, nor added much to the stores of accumulated learning, nor produced any novel theories, either in politics, religion, or taste; if the literature of the last year displayed nothing decisively original, and but little even of singularity, neither was it disgraced, as were some former years, by many productions entirely destitute of merit, or remarkable only for being the vehicles of distempered philosophy. Opinion seems, at length, to have found its ordinary level. Men have grown weary of the contest about epithets and names, to which no meaning was rationally attached. Books, whether instructive or amusing, are now read by nearly all classes of people in this country; while the enslaved state of

letters in other countries will render the labours of our press, and the study of our language, increasingly interesting to foreigners.

Inseparably connected with literary discussion, is the consideration of our political interests. If satisfaction is derivable from happiness or misery relatively, by comparing and contrasting the situation of one nation with the circumstances of surrounding nations, this nation may justly exult in the rank which it still maintains among the few independent sovereignties.

While empires are subverted around us, while neighbouring nations are exposed to all the calamities of war; while, in other states, religious institutions are left silently to decay, and the interests of morality and civilization are alike neglected; it is now the felicity, as it will hereafter constitute the glory, of this country, that the venerable establishments of our forefathers remain still unimpaired; that among us the sciences are beneficially cultivated, the arts patronised, commercial speculations vigourously pursued, and projects of internal improvement received and acted upon; that, indeed, our opinions are unshaken, that our spirit is unbroken, that our valour is unattainted, and that our resources are alone equal to the conflict, which we may be destined to sustain!

Where, however, is the people, holding any essential rank in the political world, that has absolutely escaped the calamities of this disastrous era? Favoured as this island certainly is, it has felt something of those evils which have afflicted other countries; it has suffered some irreparable losses; it has struggled under many privations. It has lost, not only in the valour by which it was protected, not merely in the sinews of warfare; it has lost in the mind by which its councils were advised, and its operations directed; which infused security among the people, which created confidence on the part of allies, and which extorted respect even from enemies. Pitt, Fox, are no more. The pilot was not permitted to weather the storm! The pacificator did not live to terminate the contest!

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT,

Of Mr. John Cooke, the Patriotic Sadler, of Exeter.

WORTH READING.

New Year's Day, pro Bono Publico.

IF there were no authors, types would be of no service, and as in the midst of life we are in death; should this editor be

my survivor I give this character; (John Cooke, a genius mechanic, a public patriot, a friend to the distressed, and who pays twenty shillings in the pound.) Some tradesmen advertise their goods, I my wit of gratitude to all of my employers, with sincere thanks for the past, and hope that my conduct will merit their future favours. There are four things a man should not part with—a good wife, servant, horse, and a razor. There are but five things I wish for—health, wisdom, virtue, honesty, and a reward of merit. There are four that I despise—an over-bearing man, a money or place proud upstart, the ingratitude, and the mean man. There are two more that are to be pitied—one of no education, and the headstrong who has learnt a little. Literature comprises four parts—orthography, etymology, syntax, prosody; and the memory of these authors should be highly revered—Pope, Hooker, Bacon, Milton, Shakespeare, Johnson. Another pious memory, the front of my house has as a tablet—in memoriam illustris right hon. William Pitt. Scoffers attribute the war and expence to him, I attribute greater in exchange, our government, freedom, and liberty, from the guillotine of equality; any tax sooner than French come-tax. If the allies had followed Mr. Pitt's plan, Bonaparte would not have visited Prussia; but, is not good and evil in the hands of providence? and England is preserved by water; we are not in the seat of war, but sit down in peace with our families, and the great attribute is our sense of unanimity. History and experience teach us that no kingdom can endure long without (a good government)—Behold the present bustles in Washington;—And is not Bonaparte now amidst frost and snow?—And are not the Russians in their own country?—Has not Prussia refused a treaty?—Is not Bonaparte at a stand?—And may he stand still! As he hates our hearts of oak, I give this sentiment,

"Here's to the oak that yields the bark,
"To tan the hide of Bonaparte."

The critic may say this is a jumble of an advertisement, but every line is paid for printing. In my contemplation, at the burial of a good old great grandmother, a woman is to be loved beyond any creature—view her a healthy quiet baby, then a pretty maid, next a fine young woman at twenty-one, like a maiden-field, fair, healthy, and decked like a daisey; then a tender kind mother, and wife, the trouble in bringing in and rearing up children, and in the spring of life, of prosperity, deprived of her help-mate, her first love; difficulties occur, children disobedient, grand-children in trouble; at last, worn out and dies. This once fairest of all fields, becomes a furrowed one, and a mere clod of clay; the scene of life she has undertook

undertook for man, is more than I can express. There is a character that should be held up with high estimation, a respectable, fair, honest, tradesman: beside all domestic care in working early and late, providing a livelihood, the fatigue with apprentices, &c. the difficulties in going up the hill of life, the foolish custom of his relations will not assist 'till they are dead; whereas they should have seen him live by their lifetime, otherwise death is to be thanked; with all this the bad debts, the crosses and disappointments, however he may be dunned for money, some of his customers leave him if he duns them. A servant has but to please his master and family; but a tradesman has hundreds to please, not only masters but their servants also; from the modern traffic, if a stranger owes you a little debt, he makes it worse by giving a fallacious draft, of double the sum; so that a tradesman works hard, runs all risks, and strives to please; and after all—and works for thirty years to get a little livelihood for his children. To see tradespeople bustling, jealous of one another, hurrying on, getting as it were the world by violence, peevish, fretful, restless, &c. &c. what an idea when the change of death or sickness deprives him of every thing. Its droll to call a clergyman a shepherd, when he does not know how one tenth of his poor flock fare. Providence has done her part right, and man has only to do his, and he may be sure to be happy.

The above production appeared in Mr. Trewman's Exeter paper, the beginning of last month. That it might be preserved, to "draw a nail from the coffin" of many a reader long after its loyal and well meaning author has been *nailed* up, we give it a place here, together with a poetical version of it, composed by some one who is ambitious, no doubt, to sail along the stream of time, with the name of Mr. Cooke; to

"Pursue his triumphs, and partake his fame."

MR. COOKE, having been lately flattered by an elegant assurance of the extended fame of his various publications, begs to submit to the public, a metrical version of his late advertisement; *pro bono publico*, which his correspondent has been polite enough to inclose. Should their united efforts be fortunate enough to promote the cause of virtue and of science, both the author and the poet will receive a complete and grateful remuneration.

High-street, Exeter, January 20, 1807.

The following is a copy of the letter which enclosed the poetic advertisement;

To MR. JOHN COOKE, *Sadler, High-street, Exeter.*

DEAR SIR, 12th January, 1807.

THE Exeter paper of the 1st of January having fallen a few days ago into my hands, the first thing in it which caught my eye was an advertisement, intitled "Worth Reading." I consequently ran it over with that avidity which commonly characterizes a man who is in search of either pleasure or knowledge, and the attainment of *both* was the result; for, independent of the amusement which the humour of your address afforded me, the very forcible light in which you have placed the adventitious circumstances of life, operated like a charm on my intellects, and made me reflect more seriously than I ever had done, on the necessity of being just to my creditors and neighbours, tender of my horses, and careful of my razors.

I perfectly agree with you that a good servant and a good wife are two invaluable blessings; and, I believe that *health, wisdom, virtue,* and *honesty,* are qualities which most men may command, although it is not in their power "to reward their own merits." If, however, your readers will only follow the wholesome advice you have given them, and peruse with attention, the works of Pope, Hooker, Bacon, Milton, Shakespeare, and Samuel Johnson, they will easily extract such philosophy from the writings of those great men as will console them for every mortification and disappointment.

There is a simplicity and beauty in the style and thoughts of your advertisement, which no poetry, however laboured or ingenious, can reach; and yet, with this conviction on my mind, I have had the temerity to make the attempt; for deeming it a pity that such pious and noble sentiments should languish and die in the plain, though elegant habit of prose, in which you have clad them, and knowing that verse is much more read than any other sort of composition, I have endeavoured to preserve the energetic and exalted spirit of your sentiments in rhyme. Our political opinions tally exactly; I agree with you that William Pitt was a very great man; and I join with you in paying that reverence to old age, so peculiarly due to the female sex. Difficult and vexatious as the life of man may be, there is no doubt but the troubles of women exceed them; and, that the oftener she marries, and the more children she bears, the more her cares multiply. I think it also highly dishonourable to cheat the industrious trader, and the indignation which a conscientious person must feel in being deluded by a fallacious draft, is easier to be conceived than expressed. If sentiments like these, Mr. Cooke, were more generally inculcated

and

and impressed on the minds of men, both you and I should have had fewer bad debts in our books; but, the young bucks of this age are nursed in extravagance; and in the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge may be traced the origin of the evils we suffer; for the severity of their rules defeat the very objects they were intended to promote. No one will be good on compulsion; and when unnecessary restraints are imposed, it is not to be wondered at if young gentlemen in pursuit of liberty and pleasure, kick down the scaffolding on which they were raised? It is thus that honesty and piety are trodden under foot,—that all reverence due to things sacred is forgotten,—and that debts contracted are left unliquidated.

I am not quite sure that I have exactly hit your meaning concerning the properties of learning; but this I know, that if the literature of the Oxonians and Cantabs, makes them, by running into our debts, drive us out of our doors, we ought, in justification of ourselves, to compel them to pay our demands, and so turn their literature out of our houses.

Neither am I clear that I have fully comprehended the beautiful description you have given of a woman journeying from her cradle to her grave? You, indeed, very properly notice, that she may become a mother and a wife at the age of 21; but I have used a poetical licence, and extended her virginity to 23, thinking *that* period early enough for the troubles of life to commence.

As few original compositions will bear literal translations, so as to preserve, at the same time, both the elegance and the spirit of their authors, so few advertisements, however happily penned, will bear transposition. Your prose, after all, will be found more musical than my poetry; for besides that, the connection of your thoughts is better preserved in your own writings, there is a facility of arrangement and a felicity of expression which I found it impossible to reach. All I can lay claim to is, the preservation of the *general idea* that pervades your advertisement; and if this be duly attended to by a generous public, I doubt not but old scores will be paid off, and new ones in future be prevented from standing *too* long in our books.

Should you be able to prevail on Mr. Trewman to print this letter, and the verses which accompany it, you may perhaps serve the cause of virtue and yourself.

I am, dear Sir, with esteem,

Your obedient humble servant,

J. W.

Mr.

Mr. JOHN COOKE's *Advertisement of the 1st of January, 1807, rendered into Verse, with as little Injury to the Original as possible.*

WORTH READING.

New Year's Day, pro Bono Publico.

Were there no authors, types would useless be,
And as in life the face of death we see;
Lest Trewman, printer, should myself survive,
I'll make him print my character alive.
I am a genius, to mechanics bred,
And have, indeed, a true mechanic head;
I love my country, kind am ever found,
And pay full 20 shillings to the pound;
Tradesmen, their various customers to fit,
Will puff their goods; I only puff my wit;
My grateful feelings, annually, I own,
And, with my thanks, I make the presses groan.
Four things there *are*, which serve to sweeten life,
A horse, a razor, servant, and a wife:
With these, my friends, be sure you never part;
Yet five things *more* I wish for in my heart—
Health, wisdom, virtue, honesty, reward;
For these are things which all men should regard.
Yet four things *more* I *equally* despise,
An over-bearing man, not over wise;
A purse-proud man, (for what's his wealth to me,
If in my shop his purse I never see?)
And then th' ungrateful, and the mean, I hate,
More than my brain can think, or pen relate.
Two *more* there are, who still my pity touch,
He who knows nothing—he who knows too much;
For learning does four equal parts comprize,
Orthography, from whence our spellings rise;
Next etymology demands her rank.
(For all we know, we may *this* lady thank;)
Syntax a system of construction is,
And prosody a girl of merry phiz;
Aided by these we may indeed explore,
And turn all literature out of door.
Six noted authors, now, I recommend,
To every customer and every friend;
Pope, Hooker, Bacon, Milton, Shakespeare, Sam,
Cream, oil, spice, brandy, mustard, raspberry jam;
Another's memory in a pious fit
(*Memoriam illustris* William Pitt.)
I've deck'd my house with—that all men might see
How well in politics we did agree.

Scoffers impute the war, and war's expence
To William's want of policy and sense;
Whilst I impute to his enlighten'd mind,
Wearing those heads which on our necks we find;
For had he not preserv'd them from the axe,
They, long ago, had paid the "French-come-tax."
If the allies had followed William's plan,
(And sure a better ne'er was form'd by man,)
Each state belonging to the king of Prussia,
Had been as free from slavery as Russia;
But is not good and evil in the hands
Of him who rules the waters and the lands?
And is not England by the sea surrounded
Snug, whilst the continent seems quite confounded?
Do we not all unanimous combine
With wives and brats to breakfast, sup, and dine?
History and experience equal point
And tell us *when* the times are out of joint;
They say no kingdoms evils can endure
Unless good governments supply a cure?
Behold in Washington, what tumults reign?
And is not Bonaparte now in vain
Braving alike the northern frost and snow,
Until perhaps he can no further go?
Are not the Russians in the realms of Poland
Aiding a king who now, alas! has no land?
"Here's to the oak that yields the bark,
"To tan the hide of Bonaparte."
Critics, who envy merit, well may say
This is a jumble, be it so; I pay
As author ought, for printing ev'ry line,
Whether they call it bombast or sublime.
In my opinion, when we drop a tear
Upon some good old grandmother's black bier,
Then, and then only, we should always deem
The dear old soul deserving our esteem.
Woman must first a female baby be,
Ere she can reach the age of 23;
But when she grows into a pretty maid,
And does not feel of pretty youths afraid,
She may, no doubt, her virgin-treasures yield,
And back-door marriage *will* her failings shield;
Behold her now a mother and a wife,
For here, alas! begin the plagues of life:
First, debts and troubles, then the pains of breeding,
The endless cries of children wanting feeding;
Here lays her husband in the jaws of death,
Gasping in vain to draw a little breath;

The

The man is dead! the woman is accurs'd.
She weds again, *he* dies too, like the first!
What *can* she do? her children men are grown,
They wed, and have young children of their own;
Some reach the gallows, others run in debt,
And one and all make good old grandam fret.
But think not here, ye inconsiderate Sirs,
That pain and trouble now no more occurs,
Two husbands yet, within her arms she takes,
And twice again wears mourning for their sakes;
'Till struck herself by death's unerring dart,
She sinks to rest, and from her friends must part!
Thus fares the fairest of all daisied fields,
Her furrows now no golden harvest yields;
The scene of life for man she undertook,
Is circumscribed in a little nook.
There is a character in this good nation,
That should be held in *highest* estimation;
I mean the trader, who both day and night,
Labours for maintenance with all his might;
To see him climb the rugged hill of life,
Tho' backward pull'd by children and his wife;
To see him teach apprentices his trade,
Then book bad debts for things the lads have made,
Are objects sure, sufficient to excite
Our approbation, pity, and delight—
But when this good man, we yet further view,
Without the *help* of his relations, do.
When, spite of friends who keep from him their coin,
We see how well he makes both ends, Sirs, join,
And *this*, perhaps, while he himself is shunn'd
By ancient debtors whom he once has dunn'd,
(Altho' compel'd his own just debts to pay
That he might break not, and then run away,)
It is enough to rend an heart of oak,
And make us speak, what ought not to be spoke.
A servant's duty easy is, and small,
In families, *he* only needs please—*all*;
But men who trade are seldom at their ease,
For they have lords and servants too to please—
Then modern traffic differs from the old,
For when to strangers you have bargains sold,
They give you drafts for twice or thrice the sum,
Which, when you've settled, serve to wipe your bum.
Thus 'tis we work both day and night in vain
For 30 years, a livelihood to gain.
Alas! my friends why all this mighty noise,
This stir and bustle for uncertain joys?

Why all this jealousy, this restless strife
To add few comforts to a peevish life?
Sooner or later death will seize on all,
And level traders in the mighty fall—
A shepherd's duty is to guard his fold,
And hence it was our ancestors of old
Term'd parsons, shepherds; but the times are chang'd,
The clergy now, live from their lambs estrang'd;
Their bleating flocks, no more, alas! they keep,
But are themselves preserved by the sheep:—
Still providence *her* part does well fulfil,
And man may *yet* be happy if he will.

JOHN COOKE.

Copy of a curious Election Bill, actually delivered in to an Irish Member of Parliament, by a Publican, after the late General Election.

	£.	s.	d.
To *eating* 16 freeholders, above stairs, for Sir John, at 3s. 3d. a head - - - - -	2	12	6
To *eating* 11 more, below stairs, and two clergymen after supper - - - - -	1	15	9
To six beds in one room, and four in another, at two guineas every bed, three or four in a bed every night - - - - - -	22	15	0
To 23 horses in the yard all night, at 13d. every one of them, and for a man watching them all night	1	5	5
To breakfast and tea, next day, for every one of them, and as many as they brought with them, as near as I can guess - - - - - -	4	12	0
To beer, porter, and punch, for the first day and night, I am not sure, but I think, for the three first days and a half of the election, as little as I can guess, and be very exact, is in all, or thereabouts	79	15	5
To shaving, dressing, and cropping the heads of 42 freeholders for Sir John, at 13d. for every one of them - - - - - -	2	5	6
"In place of Jemmy Carr, Bryan Geraghty."	115	1	7

REFLECTION.

THE pleasures of wisdom are innocent, and the reflection on them sweet; guilty ones are exactly the reverse.

Answer, by J. Ryan, East Stonehouse, to J. A——g's Rebus, inserted November 24.

WHEN all your parts are join'd aright,
LIEUTENANT then, Sir, comes to sight.

*** Similar answers have also been received from Rusticus, of Awliscomb; B. Belcher, of East Stonehouse; H. Glasson, of Praze; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; H. Stoneman, and J. S. of Exeter; W. D. of Bristol; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Badcock, of Mousehole; R. Gidley, and P. Codd of Dean Prior; W. Mann, of Ashburton; J. Whitnell, of Ashcott; J. Joyce, and H. Ellis, of Tiverton; and J. Fairweather, of Batson.

Answer, by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton, to Rusticus's Rebus, inserted December 1.

SHOULD noble COCHRANE e'er engage,
In dreadful battle's furious rage,
O! may Bellona drive his car,
And safe conduct him thro' the war.

*** Similar answers have been received from B. Belcher, and J. Ryan, of Stonehouse; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; H. Glasson, of Praze; P. Codd, of Dean Prior; William Varcoe, of Mevagissey; J. Badcock, Mousehole; J. Stoneman, and J. S. of Exeter; W. D. and C. Yeates, of Bristol; S. Kendrick, J. Joyce, and J. Tucker, of Tiverton; John Lewis, of Poole; John Rowden, of Heytesbury; Ann Dyer, of Manadon House; John Salter, of Broadhembury; Tyro, of Penzance; Urbanicus; J. H. W. of Plymouth Dock; and J. Russel, of Modbury.

A CHARADE, *by J. S. of Exeter.*

A Pronoun personal explain,
My first 'twill bring to light;
My next is seen in summer's reign,
When day give way to night:
If you these parts aright combine,
A Jewish month you then define.

A REBUS, *by J. Rowden, of Heytesbury.*

ONE-HALF a crime first bring to mind,
You'll find it of the blackest kind;
My next is swimming in the main,
And oft I've seen it in great pain:
If you these parts but rightly name,
An English author then you'll name.

A REBUS, *by P. Codd, of Dean Prior.*

IMPRIMIS, name that Israelitish king,
Who did the Almighty's praises sweetly sing;
What miracles were by my second wrought;
What I am now must thirdly, gents. be sought;
A famous Spartan, by Diana slain;
A king of Ætolia next explain;
And last of all, that sable time express,
When nature in tranquillity doth rest:
The initials join, a poet you'll define,
Whose works are sweet, harmonious, and sublime.

POETRY.

TO A MINIATURE PICTURE.

THOU silent witness of each anxious hour,
A kindred form is doom'd with thee to bear:
O! let me now impart the valu'd power,
To sooth his anguish, and to chace despair.

Tell him, the heart that in thy bosom swells,
Has shelter'd his thro' all its age of pain!
There, still lamented, still esteem'd, he dwells,
And time's dark pinion spreads the cloud in vain.

Tell him, those eyes have never ceas'd to weep;
Those lips to pray, that sorrowing breast to bleed:
Thought, restless thought, pursues them ev'n in sleep,
And dreams partake the sufferings which they feed:

I climb the mountain's brow, I gaze around,
Pale as despair, he meets my aching sight!
In broken murmurs, check'd by sighs profound,
He points to Heaven, and bids me join his flight:

"O thou!" he cries, "too firmly, fondly dear,
"Part of the soul, thy efforts still would guard,
"For thee, behold me lingering, wretched here,
"Come, where thy well-tried faith shall meet reward!"

Swift as the arrow from the Indian's bow,
The plains of light in silence we explore;
As fades each trace of our long cherish'd woe,
And souls for ever join'd can grieve no more!

But ah! too soon the bright illusion fades:
Life's feeble pulse awakes to doubt and care;
How vain is wealth, how poor its tinsel'd aids,
How blest the humblest lot repose may share!

Ah! should he doubt—tell him I did not so,
When to his bosom thou wert fondly prest,
Where silver waves in gentle current flow,
Where verdure smiles, where once I wander'd blest.

Th' eventful morn, in memory's tablet lives:
I saw, I blush'd, and ventur'd to believe;
E'en now the scene a sure conviction gives,
And my heart scorns to think he would deceive.

The little relic snatch'd with trembling dread,
My cheek more crimson than its glowing hue,
Forbids suspense; with one alone it fled;
Tell him to search his breast, and look on you!

Lyburn, December, 1806.

WILLIAM *and* KATE *of the* VALE.

LITTLE Kate of the valley was lovely as May,
And a stranger to sorrows and cares;

Singing

Singing blithe at her wheel she would sit the whole day,
And at eve she was wont 'mid the lambkins to stray,
With footsteps as guileless as their's.

And Kate of the valley was lov'd by a swain,
Who valu'd her far beyond life;
And so closely he press'd her, that Kitty was fain
To acknowledge to William she lov'd him again,
And soon he should call her his wife.

For young William had long and incessantly strove
Her bosom with love to assail;
And their parents would pray to the pow'r that's above
To shelter from peril the innocent love
Of William and Kate of the vale!

And now to the altar see Kitty repair,
To join in the wedded embrace:
But how nearly to bliss stands the demon despair;
For lo! at the altar—no bridegroom was there,
And no one his pathway could trace!

Nor in cottage or village could William be found,
Tho' sought for from morning 'till night;
And in vain was he call'd on the neighbourhood round,
For the neighbouring hills but re-echoed the sound;
And Kate was half wild with affright.

As she call'd on her lover, despairing, forlorn,
Poor William, as luckless as she,
From his home and his hopes by a press-gang was torn,
And on board the tall ship was exultingly borne—
For William had once been at sea.

By the pitiless crew was no sympathy shewn,
His grief they but turn'd into jest;
And in vain to their leader his wrongs he made known,
For their leader, by custom, quite callous was grown,
And pity was banish'd his breast.

The disastrous news, reaching Kitty at last,
Make her bosom the harbour of care;
For her William she trembles at every blast;
And memory, telling of joys that are past,
But adds a fresh gloom to despair.

Thus days, weeks, and months, had continued their flight,
When vict'ry resounds thro' the air!
O God! how poor Kate strain'd her bright balls of sight
To gaze on their names who were slain in the fight,
And dreadful—her William was there!

Broken-hearted, she sank from this turbulent state;
Her death-bell was rung in the dale;
She's entomb'd where she stood to be marry'd of late,
And where all who pass by heave a sigh o'er the fate,
Of William and Kate of the vale!

C.

Lines inscribed on a Head-stone in Gillingham Church-yard, near Shaftesbury, to the Memory of George Light.

FROM this hard journey here on earth
His soul hath took its flight,
And gone a journey much more worth
To meet the Lord of LIGHT.